It Is a Parce-comedy Arising Out of the Attempts of Mudheels, Sanps, Sprites, Willies, and Others to Get In Without Paying and of the Efforts of the Man on

the Boor to Keep Out the Undeserving. Outside of every theatre in town there is a nightly show quite equal in interest to the performance within. The lobby is the stage, and all who enter there are the players in this drama of real life, while the constantly moving entering or leaving serves for a panoramic background. Outwardly these performers are only ordinary men and women, more or less well or ill dressed, more or less noisy or quiet, more or less jovial or ill-tempered, and more or less refined or vulgar. To the man on the door," the ticket taker, they are the familiar characters in a one-act farce-com-edy-tragedy, which begins with the opening of the doors and ends with their closing. He knows them all and has them classified in his mental book, each under his or herown particular heading, for they are to a certain extent dependent upon him for various favors which the theatre may extend to them, and he is to an equal extent responsible for the good order in

In one of the up-town playhouses, whose lobby is a favorite resort for all varieties of the genus no who begin to live with the lighting of the street lamps, there sits a plump middle-sged doorkeeper who has watched this outside show for many years, and who finds it the same whether the performance within be Shakespearean tragedy or a variety show fastened together with strings of dialogue to give it some semblance of right to its title of farce-comedy. came back on a hog train. I had the soubrette part and me lady friend was second lady, with a song-and-dance act in between. We had a corking show, too, and we'd be wearing diamonds only for—"

At this point the ticket man has decided that they are all right, and that any way he can't afford to be talked to death, so he hands out the tickets, and the pair depart quite happy. On other hand, if he suspects that they are not the perfesh, but merely masquerading sprites, they are gently but firmly turned down.

Every doorman knows the good things, and they are the bane of his life, for in many cases they are men whom policy forbids his turning down. A good thing is a man who has been invited to take a seat in a box which is, perhaps, already filled. It happens this way: Jonesmith, who has been selling some goods to the theare, perhaps, has a box presented to him. He invites a number of his friends to drop in at the box some time during the evening, many more usually than there is room for. Early in the evening the box is filled, and along about 9 o'clock a well-attired youth appears at the door and says to the ticket taker:

"I'm to go to Mr. Jonesmith's box. He said he'd leave some word for me here. He's inside now, I suppose."

"The box is full, sir," replies the man on the Every species is known to this veteran.
"Mudheels," "good things," "snaps,"
"sprites," "slikers," "Willies," first-night-"badgers," "the profesh," and "lobby eranks"; he can tell each at a glance. Indeed, It is part of his business to know them,



POINTERS FROM THE PIRST NIGHTERS.

and to make use of them when it suits him Perhaps the most welcome of the lobby figures is the first nighter. He is usually a middle aged man in evening dress, and he pays for his seat, wherein he differs from most of the lobby crowd. Every opening of a new entertainment finds him on hand standing in the entrance talking quietly with one of the managers perhaps, or exchanging opinions with some other of his class until the time for the curtain to rise. Then he is promptly in his seat pretty well toward the front, where he sits in rapt attention, be the show good or bad, until the act s over. Between the acts he wanders out, and perhaps he stops and remarks to the doorkeeper, whom he knows and who knows him-there isn't a doorkeeper in town that doesn't;

Pretty good start off, Jim. It ought to make a hit, but the dialogue between the soubrette and the chappie ought to be spiced up a bit. It's

And the doorkeeper listens with attention rarely to be seen in him, since, for the opinion of outsiders in general he has small reverence: but the first nighter is an old hand, knowing whereof he speaks, and his judgment is not to be surpassed in matters of public demand. He forms a desirable feature of the lobby show. Between him and the silkers, sometimes

called snaps, there is a wide difference. The silker pays not, but " goes in on his face." That he doesn't come out on the back of his neck isn't the fault of the doorkeeper. Never a silker or snap would get by him if he had his way, but for various reasons it is necessary to let them in. Perhaps they are friends of the management, or are in a position to be of use, or have succeeded in making the presiding geni same thing; and so they have the general entree. It is a sore thing to the silker that seats are not given to him, and a large part of his time is spent in efforts to get desirable places in



he feels himself quite insulted. In this class is an individual who aspires to be known as a man about town, to whom nothing is amiss which may bring him notoriety. Promoters' which may bring him notoriety. Promoters' schemes, horse fairs, Christmas entertainments, even politics, are included in his lists, and he is a constant theatregoer. A few nights ago he entered an up-town theatre, and after making himself conspicuous in the lobby pranced up etairs with a patronizing nod to the treasurer of the house, who was in the door. A few moments later the treasurer, going up stairs, found the silker standing in the rear of the seats with big hat on. To the protests of the usbers he had samply returned scornful replies. The treasurer went to him and said:

"Take off your hat, please; the performance has begun."

"Take off your hat, please; the performance has begun."

"Yes, I see it has." returned the silker; "but my hat suits me very well."

"You will have to take it off. It doesn't look very well for you to come in here free and then disregard the rules of the place."

"I've been coming here for years, and I guess I know the rules as well as you do. Go down stairs and don't bother me."

Whack! The silker's tall hat went spinning across the floor, and up against the wall.

"Pick it up," advised the treasurer: "If you put it on again l'il throw you down stairs."

The man with a look of utter amazement sliently picked up his beaver, and without a word, left the place. Two nights later he was back again. It takes a great deal to phase a client, But this one never wors his hat stain within the forbidden line.

The, and only one, evident advantage accrues to a theater from the presence of the silkers and snaps; that being invariably well dressed and spruce looking, they set off the lobby well. Every manager lifes to have his house known as the resort for those linuwe and indescribable beings, "the men-about-town," and these silkers, in lieu of beiter, pose for that part.

Familiar and formidatile to the ticketseller is the perfest. This class is mostly made up of giddy feminine creatures in gorgeous ratinest.

doorman stopped the wearer.

"Don't you see that badge?" asked the man in actonishment.

"See it? Well, I should say so, Couldn't miss seeing it if I tried. It's a very pretty badge," said the doorkeeper, who had spotted his man for a badger.

"Well, sir, that's adeputy sheriff's badge, and I want to go in."

"You can buy tickets below. This house doesn't owe anything at the Sheriff's office."

"What? I can't get in? We'll see about this. I never was refused at a theatre before. That badge is good everywhere."

"If you can pawn it for the price of a ticket." suggested the gate official flippantly, "It will be good here."

The commonest badges displayed are alleged newspaper badges, while ornaments purporting to be the insignia of political office are frequently made the basis of attempts to get in deadhead, but, real or bogus, these do not go, irrobably the most successful game in general is that of the lobby crook. He furnishes the element of tragedy, or pretended tragedy, in the show. A young man rushes into the theatre, goes up the steps three at a time, and, halting breathless at the gate, gasps out:

"A lady whose son and daughter are here has just died. I want to send them home."

"Certainly; go right in." replies the doorkeeper.

He strongly suspects that it is a fake, but he 'say, my boy," he will say to any official he can get hold of, "think you could pull out a couple of seats for me to-night? So-and-so, you know him, wants to take it in, and you know what his good word does for a thing. You must have some over now." And if his request is refused, as it generally is,

"A lady whose son and daughter are here has just died. I want to send them home."

"Certainly: go right in." replies the door-keeper.

He strongly suspects that it is a fake, but he doean't care to take any chances in such a matter. If the son and daughter do not appear, and the breathless messenger stays through the show, he remarks to himself?

"I thought so. Weil. I've got his face, and if he tries to work meagain something will break."

Other lobby crooks have an imperative message for some important political personage in the theatre, or they want their family physician, who is inside, to come at once to the bedside of a dying relative. But they never do it twice at this particular theatre. The man on the door has too good a memory for faces.

In general the term mudhed is applied to any regular "gratter" who habitually goes to a theatre without paying. Specifically, however, a mudhed is a man who has at some time done work for the theatre—odd jobs at advertising, perhaps, or work on the roof garden in summer. In this way he comes to know the inside life of the place, and is familiar with the greenroom. This is his stock in trade. He drenses loudly, wears solled linen, and always carries a cane crooked over his arm. He has the privilege of admittance into the theatre and can occasionally run in a friend. Instead of running in his friends he hangs about the hobby, and when he sees a youth that looks to be a promising subject he spuroaches him with an offer:

"Say, me friend, I'll get you in there for a quarter. Save you money on it. See?"

If the quarter is paid, the mudhed introduces the vought to the doorkeeper, who reluctantly passes him in. But this can't be worked too often. Occasionally an odd job for the house will help the mudhed out, but his mainstay is the Willies to a state of great unhappiness because he should be formed to a some chorus girl, and he is in a state of great unhappiness because he should chrysanthemiums in public places at night. They are the gilded youth with nothing under the fi

and they are the only feminine feature of the lobby show. Usually they are soubsectes font in from some show which has "gone bust" on the road, who having returned to New York and not having "caught on" anywhere, spend their time in going from theatre to theatre. They are really legitimate deadheads, but it is a difficult matter for the ticket man to distinguish between them and the spretes who pretend to be in the profession, but aren". A few of them—they always travel in pairs—after a few moments, conversation with some of the hangers—on in the lobby who appear to know them sidle up to the ticket window and one of them opens fire thus:

"Good evening. Can we get two seats for tonight? We're professionals. Here are our carda. Out with the 'Cockroach and the Flea' company, struck a frost in Ohio, got to St. Louis over the ties, earned money there and then the manager flew the coop with all the stuff, and we thing, too. Sa-sy, me boy, you know her, hey? Might get me an introduction, you know."
"H'm-well, might be done. Say, you're a purty good feller, and I'll just try it for you. Drop in here to-morrow and I'll take you behind the scene."

THE MUDREEL.

now, I suppose."
"The box is full, sir," replies the man on the door. "There is no more seating room."
"But there must be some mistake," protests the new arrival. "Here's his card with his note."

the new arrival. "Here's his card with his note on it asking me to come."

"I don't doubt that it's all right, but there simply isn't any room in the box. However, you can go inside if you will."

So the young man goes inside, and shortly there came other young men who have also been invited to Mr. Jonesmith's box. The fact is that that gentleman has abused the courtesy of the theatre and made matters unpleasant for the doorkeeper and embarassing for his invited friends by asking three times as many people to come as he had any right to invite. Still these people are not in fault, and the doorkeeper, if he is satisfied that they have been invited, will not turn them away. It is dialogue of this kind that makes the lobby show interesting.

"SAY! COULD YOU LEND ME A FIVE SPOT?"

The comedy part of the performance is furnished by the badgers. Badger in the lobby is

nished by the badgers. Badger in the lobby is not used in the sense which it has with the police. It simply indicates a man who attempts to get into a theatre by means of a badge. You wilk see these men parading about the lob'y with coats thrown wide open to show insignia of all sorts on which they purpose to "work in." The fact of the matter is that the men whose badge give them the right of admittance very rarely show them, as they are known to the doormen personally. But the badgers are great on display. A few nights ago a party man in flashy clothes entered the theatre, posed in the lobby for a time, and then, throwing his coat wide open, marched up to the gate. On his vest was an enormous badge, resplendent with diamonds and rubles. Notwithstanding the glamour of this ornament, the doorman stopped the wearer.

"Don't you see that badge?" asked the man in astonishment.

"See it? Well, I should say so. Couldn't

Drop in here to-morror the scenes."

"Behind the scenes? Sa-sy, old chapple, be evawlastingly your debtor, donen know, Fawney! How the othah fellows will envy me!

evaluatingly your debtor, donon'know, Fawncy! How the othah fellows will envy mel. B Jove!"

"Oh, I can manage it all right. Say, old man, could you lend me a five spot until Saturqay? I'm a little behind."

Poor Willie! He gives up his five, and even if he is taken behind the scenes it is only to be unmercifully guyed by the chorus girls and made a target not only for guying but for any small articles serviceable as missiles also. But there are plenty of others to take his place when he has departed, a sadder and a wiser Willie. So goes the lobby drama. Besides these actors there is a constant influx and outpour of men who have business with the theatre, actors who drop in getween appearances on the stage, thedrop in between appearances on the stage, the-atrical critics, newspaper men who make the rounds of the theatres nightly, Central Office de-tectives on their quiet rounds, and many others. It is a very live artery of the city's night life that throbs in the theatre lobby.

A BLACK HERO NOW A SQUAWMAN. Five Notches on the Rifle Stock of Henry Fears, Lately of the Ninth Cavalry.

FORT SILL, O. T., Nov. 16.-Henry Fearn, a colored man living near here on the ranch of White Wolf, the Kiowa Chief, is known wherever there is an Indian band in the far West, and is welcomed wherever there is a company of the Ninth or Seventh regiments of cavalry. He is 30 years old and six feet tall, with huge hands and feet, and a stoop in his broad shoulders that betokens enormous reserve strength On the stock of his rifle are five notches. Each one records the death of a human being other than an Indian. No one, not even Fearn him-self, knows how many Indians he has killed. Fourteen years ago Fearn enlisted in the Ninth Cavalry, a regiment made up wholly of colored men, He was assigned to the troop commanded by Capt. Moore. The Ninth Cavalry was then in the Southwest. Times were hot, and the Indians gave the regiment plenty to do. Fearn speedily got a reputation as a reckless, fearless soldier. He was the best shot among the men. One day, at the close of a lively campaign, word reached the Ninth Cavalry that the paymaster was on his way to join them, and was walting eighty miles away for an escort. A non-commissioned officer and three privates were detailed to go to the paymaster and guard him on his ride to the regiment. Fearn was one of the four men selected. A sergeant who had long disliked Fearn was placed in charge of the detachment. The other privates were close friends of the sergeant. As the four men rode out of the post Fearn dropped to the

"Ride up," commanded the sergeant, "This will be a hard ride for us all, and a last one for you, perhaps," he muttered in an undertone, "Last how?" asked Fearn.

"Walt and see," was the reply. So the men rode along. Fearn hung back or rode out on the side, where he could watch the three men. His carbine lay across his saddle bow. The butts of his big cavalry pistols rubbed his hands as he held the reins. Fearn understood that a relaxation of vigilance meant death. When the watering creek was reached the men dismounted in silence. "Ride on, Fearn; we will catch you," said one

Fearn said nothing, and finally the men rode ra together. As they neared the station where the paymaster awaited them, one of the men turned suddenly on Fearn and raised his pistol. He was too slow. Fearn's two hands went up, each grasping a pistol, and when he ceased firing three riderless horses followed him into the sta tion, where he met the paymaster alone.

"It was a close game," Fearn says as he tells of it now, "but my pair beat three odd hands." When the Pine Ridge trouble broke out four years ago four troops of the Seventh Cavalry went up into the Territory to bring the Indians into submission. The Ninth Cavalry also went out. Fearn's troop, with another under Col. Guy V. Henry, then Major, met the Indians near a big basin known as Devil's Bowl.
"It was the hottest fight I was ever in," said

"We were sitting about on the rocks drinking our coffee, when suddenly from behind rocks and trees and bushes burst a storm of bullets. We jumped to the charge, but there was nothing to charge on except rocks. A puff of smoke would float out from behind a rock or tree and that was all we could see. They fought us back foot by foot down the hill until they got us on an open much like a log chute. No sooner had we railied along this than there was a terrific explosion up on the hill, and a shower of stones and sticks and tent plus pounded down on us. The indians had captured an old cannon and had loaded it with anything they could lay their hands on. We jumped for cover. Suddenly everything grew quiet. We waited, but all was still. In about ten minutes the old gun boomed again. A tent plu struck me on the shoulder, and, glancing off, killed the man behind me.

"Major Henry divided us into two squads. One squad held the ground, fighting like mad. I was in the other squad. We crept single file up the hill about 100 yards. Then we turned sharp to the left and opened out in skirmish line. Then we faced about and marched toward our of bullets. We jumped to the charge, but there

was in the other squad. We crept single file up the hill about 100 yards. Then we turned sharp to the left and opened out in skirmish line. Then we faced about and marched toward our own men. But the Indians were between us. We had them front and rear.

"I was right beside Major Henry. He was cool as a cucumber. We crept along for about 100 feet, without seeing a red man. Suddenly Major Henry stopped and nodded his head forward. We halted and looked ahead. There was a big boulder, and lying flat behind it in a hollow in the earth were over forty Sioux. They knew nothing of our presence. Quickly we brought up our pistols, every man with one in each hand. Major Henry nodded again and a line of fire lit the woods. The Sioux yelled and aprang forward. But they ran right into our other squad. Then it was that they fought.

"Have you ever met an Indian face to face when he was war-crazy? No? Then you cannot realize what a fight we had. It was man to man. There was no chance for the Sioux to jump behind trees. We closed right in. Our other squad, too, pushed toward us. Negro and Indian grappied and struggled, each for his life. Don't tell me that the colored man won't fight. Just you get him started, and he will go right through with you to the end. I saw negroes lying hacked and torn shoot a last shot and fall back dead. We held our ground and drove the red men off."

Two days later Fearn accomplished the feat that made him famous. The Sioux lay thick along a line of boulders bordering the mountain trail out of the Bad Lands. The Ninth came along trusting to its skirmishers, who had falled to warn them of the Indians in time. The Sioux sprang out, sure of their prey. The cavalrymen were dumfounded. Suddenly Fearn spurred his horse forward and sprang up the hill right into the midst of the indians.

"Towe on! Come on!" he yelled. "You'll die anyhow if you stay there!"

The men followed him. After the fight was all over Capt. Moore sent for Fearn and asked him what he meant by such recklessness.

"It was the only way.

rouve got to get the negro running before he'll fight, and it is best to run him ahead if you can."

Fearn bears five scars to remind him of the battle of the Wounded Knee.

At the expiration of his enlistment he returned to Fort Sill, where he had once lived. His fame had preceded him, especially among the indians. He declined to live in the post, and went, instead, to the ranch of White Wolf a powerful Kiowa chief. Seon after his arrival a powerful Kiowa chief. Seon after his arrival and secame a full-fledged squaw-man, appropriating all the rights of his Indian wife to raise an unlimited number of cattle on the Indian lands free of charge. His herd has grown rapidly, and to day he counts his cattle by the hundred. He is present at all high councils of both the Kiowa and Comanche tripes. The Cache Creek medicine dances always know him as a prominent figure. The beef issue twice a menth would be incomplete without him. He is the only known negro squaw-man.

SINGER **SEWING MACHINES** For Family Use.

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A GLIMPSE OF SECUL. Handreds of Lowly Cottages and

it. In fact there are only three streets in Beoul that are worthy of the name. For the most par-Many Hundreds of Lowly Cottages and
Only Three Streets is the City.

A considerable part of Seoul, the capital of Corea, is seen in this ploture. The place is not imposing in superamee, as the picture pisinty shows. Seoul contains nearly as many inhabitants as Buffalo does, but most of them huddle together in one-story, mud-roofed houses. Usu-



ally the business of the family is carried on in a part of the structure, so that very narrow quarters are reserved for the living san, where are the sentinel peaks of Nam San, where are the beacon towers from which promas. It would puzzle any one who sees this picture to make out a street in reach the furthest parts of the kingdom.

THE TOWN OF CHEMULPO.

A Port-Where Vesseis May Easter Stick in the mind when it is out. In pictures of the debarkment of the Japanese troops the transports are seen far out from the sides into small boats.

Corea, where the larger part of the Japanese forces have been landed during the war. Some of the European buildings are seen in the distance of three miles from the shore is not exactly ideal, but this is the case with Chemulpo, People who are interested in Corean



excellent types of the Corean dwelling houses.

Chemulpo harbor has the peculiarity of all the ports on the west coast of the peninsula. The tide rushes in with great power and out

CHINESE MAN AND WOMAN. There Is Little Variety and Pleasure in the

Life of the Fatr Sex.

Here are a well-to-do Chinese couple, who were caught by the camera just as the gentleman had filled his pipe and was about to enjoy a cup of tea. The lady's little feet, deformed in accordance with China's peculiar custom, show

the highest offices in China frown upon the practice of compressing the feet of the women. The Manchus do not inflict this treatment upon



THE BETTER CLASS OF CHINESE.

that it was never expected she would have to drudge for a living like the women of the peasant class, who, if they lead lives of monotonous toil, are at least exempted from the torture that cripples many of their sisters for life. It is an interesting fact that the Imperial Court, with all of the Manchu dignitaries who fill many of

A BIT OF SHANGHAL. | for all its architectural beauty and solidity are The Native Market in this Most European of Cainese Cities.

Here is the native market in Shanghai where the Chinese most do congregate to buy and sell things to eat. The market is, perhaps, as characteristically Chinese as anything in Shanghai, which, with its big American and English settle.

for all its architectural beauty and solidity are spread along the river.

A broad and beauty and solidity are spread along the river.

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A broad and beautifully kept boulevard, called, of course, "The Bund." runs round the river, with a row sell-group trees and a broad grass plat at the water's edge, and this Bund is liked on the other side from one end to the other with mercantile buildings second to none. At night all Shanghai is bright with the electric ago.

The needed touch of color is added to the



ments, and the French concession, has a great deal to remind the stranger of things he sees in the western world. Shanghai handles more import trade than all the rest of the treaty ports put together, and a third of the entire export business is controlled by her complains of hard times. German composition, the great falling off in the china tea trade, even the detention of shipping on the bar at Woosing all these are freely spiken of as contributing to the general duliness companies.

GOLF PATRONIERD BY ROYALTY. History of the Sport Which Is Interes

The golf craze in this country and the manne in which we hear it dinned in our ears every where we go give us some idea of the necessity which existed in ancient times to cause three acts of Parliament to be passed to suppress it. In 1457 the game was so popular that the practice of archery was materially interfered with

acts of Parliament to be passed to suppress it.

In 1457 the game was so popular that the practice of archery was materially interfered with, and it is recorded that in that year the Scottish Parliament passed an act forbidding the pursuit of the game.

But then it was still carried on, and it does not appear the law was still carried on, and it does not appear the law was still carried on, and it does not appear the law was still carried on, and it does not appear the law was archer act against the game. This was observed for some time, but the fever could not be suppressed, and in 1491 the third act was passed expressly forbidding the pursuit of the game and laying down set ponalities for the law breakers. This kept the game out of prominence for 100 years, when it again appeared in history.

James IV, was the first royal personage who appeared in the records of the game as a conspicuous player. James V. was also a golfer, while his daughter, the unbappy Mary Stuart, was at one time a keen follower of the game, and law popularity extended to 1642, when, with the revolution, royal patronage colirely cassed, to be renewed only in comparatively recent times.

The oldest golf dlub now in axistence is that of Biackbeath, near London. Tradition places the origin of this club as far back as 1608, when King James, with his Scotch following, brought the game south into England. The St. Andrew's Golf Club is the most farmous organization for the game, and it is to roit what the Marylebone C. C. is to cricket. St. Andrew's is the ancient exclesiastical metropolis of Scotland. The club was catabilished in 1754, and its membership is much larger than say other, every golfer of note belonging to it.

"The Honourable Edinburgh Company of Golfers' dates from 1744, while the Bruntfield Club of Edinburgh was founded in 1750, and the "Edinburgh Gunden in 1858, thought of the St. Andrew's Golf Club in the same and the carry births, have resumed the game with more day the non-player; but hadily and the printed of the St. Andrew's

pursuit of golf.

The game appears to be rapidly taking root in this country to become a permanent pastime among the better class. As was the case in England, it draws largely from the cricketers, and on this account the latter look with no too friendly feeling on the game. E. H. Morran, a prominent member of the Southampton Club, was one of the first of the willow wielders to be fascinated by the Scotch game. He excused himself by saying: "In golf you are always in," meaning by "in," the term at the bat of the cricketer, which is the fascinating part of that game.

cricketer, which is the fascinating part of that game.

The large number of ladies who have become interested in the game tends to make it extremely popular with the men who love feminine society, just as tennis was made popular for the same reason. The ladies certainly look very charming in their short golf costumes, and there is no room for doubt that the game will become very popular with them, and that no society belle will deem herself fully accomplished unless she understands it.

SOCIABLE SNAKES

Phetr Penchant for Human Society, However, Is Seldom Appreciated, From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Speaking of sunkes," said a sunburned man yesterday, "there are more of them to the square inch in the St. Francis River basin in Arkansas than there are fiddlers in Geheams.

Nobody had been speaking of snakes, and a small man with a contentious chin said he thought a man could go to heaven even if he did play the violin, but the sunburned man gave no heed to the interruption, and continued:

"There ain't any use in keeping an eye out for snakes in the sunk lands—leastways except for rattlers and cottonmouths. There are so many moccasins that if you dodge one you'll run into two others, and your best chance is to keep right on your road and trust to the alimy devils giving you groom. Moccasins ain't vicious, except in August, when they go blind, and then they are mostly staked out under logs and in other secoluded spots where a man hasn't any business intruding. They are sociable, though, and as full of curiosity as a deer. In the spring and early summer they will crawl close up to a man and try to make friends.

"One day a nigger who was employed at a club house on Blackfish Hayou was sitting in a dugout cleaning fish. When he had removed the entralis he would reach over the side of the boat and wash the blood away by shaking the fish in the water. Stakes are fond of fish, you know, and there was a school of moccasins awimming around the dugout executive.

the entrains he would reach over the side of the boat and wash the blood away by shaking the fish in the water. Snakes are fond of fish, you know, and there was a school of mocrasins awimming around the dugout scrambling for the entrails. One big fellow—he must have been six feet long—with a mouth like an alligator gar, swam up just as Dock—the nigger's name was Dock—dropped his hand over the side of the boat and splashed it around in the water to get the fish scales off of it. The big snake, thinking that meant more free lunch, grabbed Dock's thumb and swallowed it. When he got to the fork he naturally stopped, for he couldn't take in the whole hand. Dock felt the snake swallow his thumb, and he jerked his hand out of the water. The snake came with it, and for about ten seconds there was the most mixed up lot of colored man and snake in that dugout I ever saw. It was hard to tell which was the worst frightened, Dock or the snake. Finally the moccasin gave up Dock's thumb and crawled back into the water, and Dock scrambled ashore."

"Naw. His eating teeth sorter scratched the

worst frightened, Dock or the snake, Yinally take into the ware and home and the provide of the control when they have been to the ware and home and the control of the state of the thumb, but he didn't have a charge have a sind of the thumb, but he didn't have a charge have a charge have been the thumb, but he didn't have a charge have a charge have been the sin of the thumb, but he didn't have a charge have a charge have been the sin of the thumb, but he didn't have a charge have not been and the sociality of a morcasin when the sin of the the sociality of a morcasin when the sin of the two my a best that the man't have my a best the possibility of resting an explanation.

"As man I know had an adventure with a rathest the possibility of resting an explanation."

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THE SHOPPER'S LUNCHEON.

WONDERFUL COMBINATIONS IN WHICH WOMAN REVELS.

Things that Belicate-tooking Women Com-sume with Belight-Big Shops Offer Bar-gains in Luncheon to Women-Tipe Are Given by Women to Watters Nowadays, Luncheon is the favorite feminine meal. The oman who will breakfast on a cup of coffee and a roll and dine on a cracker and dessert will sit down to luncheon and consume a collection of sweet and sour viands, of light and solid compounds, and hot and cold liquids that would cause a mere man to pause aghast. These luncheons occur between the spasms of a shopping tour, and at such times it is interesting to watch the groups of women gathered about the tables of those restaurants and hotels which make a specialty of catering to the sex that is

known as the weaker.

There is one lunch room on Twenty-third street which is reached by passing through a candy shop, and here, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, lovely woman may be found indulging in a luncheon orgie which even to watch might be expected to create dyspeptic qualma. Rarely does a man penetrate the sacred preeinct of this feeding place. Once in a while a man, either very old or very young, is led in by his female relatives and seated at one of the little round tables, evidently very much against his will. As he gradually comprehends the situntion and realizes that he is expected to eat bargain doughnuts and reduced pancakes a look of horror steals across his face, and he picks gingerly at the things before him with an affected air of pleasure which, to an onlooker, is extremely pathetic. When the same man reaches Twenty-third street he may be observed holding his head high in the air and trying to look as if nothing had happened.

The assorted foods which the fair frequenters

of this place call for and actually cat are worth noting. Those who say that dyspepsia is the great American complaint should look to the cause, namely, the midday luncheons of American mothers. And not only do the shopping mothers so develop this tendency, but they frequently drag little toddling youngsters with them, and, seated in ornamental high chairs, these future citizens and citizenesses lay a foundation for misery to come by swallowing salads, rich pies and cakes, and parti-colored ice cream, which fill their little souls with joy and their little stomachs with pain. At this particular "lunch parlor" delicate-look-ing women come in and call for sandwiches, pork and beans, ice cream, coffee and cake, and then finish up with a plate of wheat cakes as an after inspiration. Pates are an-other of the favorite dishes and are devoured on top of sardines and milk, and as for croquettes and lobster, this combination is the star, perhaps, and is always finished with a spectacular looking meringue or a glass of choc-

spectacular looking meringue or a glass of chocolate cream soda. Of course, after eating this fearful and wonderful combination at 1 or 3 o'clock, a woman has very little appetite for diuner. She cannot understand why she does not feel well, and talks vaguely about nervous prostration or malaria. She is cross and Irritable, but the memory of her lunchoon is the one bright spot in her day of shopping.

At nearly all the big dry goods shops there are rooms where luncheon is served to women customers. Here, with the roar of the great shop and the shrill cries of "cash" in their ear, weary women sit and sip thick coffee and nibble at dyspepsia producing cakes and ples. Their souls are cheered by the knowledge that they can get oyster stews for twenty-four centa and ice cream for nine. There is a reduction in everything to induce women customers to forsake the regular restaurant for bargains in luncheon. So far these shops have not set aside special days for "buns at two cents each" or "chicken croquettes slightly damaged by fire." but the day will come, doubtless, when this will be arranged for the benefit of those women who love bargains and bargain days.

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There is only one genuine lunch counter for women in New York. It is in a big Broadway bakery. Around one side of the store a high counter extends, spread with plates of sandwiches, rolls, cakes, and other indigestible luxuries. High stools surround the counter, and during the busy hours of the day women rush in laden with samples or step from their carriages and seat themselves at the counter for a quick lunch. The advantage here is that there is no waiting. Every woman grabs the first thing in sight and calls for coffee, tea, or chocolate, which is served by a waiter. When the meal is concluded there is a reckoning which is left entirely to the conscience or memory of the woman. It is surprising sometimes to note the defective memory of some of the fair customers. The reporter saw a willowy blonde perched on a stool at this place one day last week and she disposed of a chicken patty, a lobster salad, and a Roman punch in short order. Then she reached out to a distant point for two tongue sandwiches and a chocolate meringue. Then she finished this off with a silce of cold chicken and called for a cup of black coffee in a blass manner that was delicious. When the time for reckoning came sharmmentered a few of the things, and it would hardly sound probable to a waiter, even to one hurdened to a woman's lunch counter, that a rair young thing would go back to chicken after a Roman punch or drink black coffee on top of chocolate. A woman seems to feel a secret sailanction in not paying all she owes for luncheon is safe regiones when the sond confectioners in the first share and a chicken will exist seem to be safe a sire in the horse car.

When two woman's luncheon is served on the dishes that drives the waiter into a state verging on tissnity. There is o